

Good Morning 382

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Here's how! A.B.

THIS should be a familiar picture to you, A.B. Leslie Winnard.

Father — complete with glass of mild, toasting your health. Mother—giving you a real Mother's smile. "Sis" (Edna, your sister, to us) with a "Hi, there, Leslie!" look. Not forgetting the background, the bar parlour of the New Inn, 230, North-road, Preston, Lancs.

Yes, Leslie, they are all much the same back home. The same old regulars sitting with their pints. One or two of the lads lucky enough to be on leave dropping in to "have one," who always ask the "Guv." how you and your brothers are getting along, or "Has Leslie been having any more scrapes?" Your Father, Mother and Sister, busy as ever behind the bar.

Your Father was amused when we called at the New Inn at opening time the other evening at the thought of "Good Morning" taking a picture of the family for you.

"Our Leslie will get the shock of his life," he laughed. "Ask him if he's broke again! That'll make him smile! And you left me nearly broke!"

L. Winnard

don't forget to mention that Edna and her dog, Towser, are both expecting another teasing when he comes home next.

We hear that the last time you arrived home your Father did not recognise you when you pretended to be a thirsty customer asking for a pint after hours.

Your Father says he has not seen so many of your girl friends about lately. He made us laugh about the night you made a date with four of them all at the same meeting place and time! Your Father says you believe in safety in numbers. Well, maybe.

Your Mother asked us to tell you that your nieces, Valerie and Jackie, are now staying with your family, and that Jack and Ralph are both well. The "Guv." feels pretty proud to have three sons in the Navy.

Father adds a postscript to this. "Let me know in plenty of time when you are coming on leave next. The last time you left me nearly broke!"

How We Kill "Katina"

(But Beef is Not Done)

IN the spring of 1921 a little ship lay at Littlehampton, and her master, Cosmo Langoussis, got married.

I have no records to show whether there was much rejoicing, yet Captain Langoussis shortly afterwards committed one of the worst crimes a seaman can commit. He did not kill his wife, but he killed his ship—scuttled her. And a fried beefsteak was the clue that undid him.

Alone of all the evidence that was given against him and his owner, the fried beefsteak condemned them. They forgot not to fry the steak.

THE "Katina" was the name of the little ship. She was 384 tons gross, had a draught of only nine feet, and was small enough to nose her way into little harbours and tie up at quays where bigger ships could not go.

She was owned by Mr. George Coulouras, a merchant in Athens, who had bought her in Holland. As her insurances were running out, he reinsured with a group of British underwriters for a sum of £18,000 for total loss, with additions of £3,000 for freight. Policies were taken out in London.

That was the background when the "Katina" left Littlehampton and made for Ghent. There she was loaded up with a cargo of phosphates for Southampton. On the afternoon of April 2nd, 1921, she plugged her way along the canal towards the sea.

Darkness had fallen before her pilot had taken her to the Wandelaar lightship, and there he dropped overboard into the pilot cutter about 1 a.m. with a wave to Captain Langoussis.

The latter set his course for the West Hinder lightship, then handed over control to the chief officer and went down to his bunk. The night was calm, there was no moon, the sea was smooth. The "Katina" plugged on at seven knots.

About 3 a.m. the skipper felt a sudden shock, and then the mate entered the cabin in a moment or two and reported that the "Katina" had struck something. The skipper told him to return to the bridge and he would be up right away.

When he reached the bridge the skipper asked the mate what they had hit. The mate replied that he did not know, but he had felt a bump on the port side and saw a sort of whiteness, a phosphorescence, suddenly appear.

The captain ordered the bilges to be sounded, and at that moment the chief engineer appeared and reported that water was coming into the engine-room.

The next report was that there were nine inches of water in No. 1 hold and it was coming in fast. The captain ordered the pumps to be started, and he asked for as much speed as could be got, for his intention was to beach the ship if matters got worse.

Matters got worse. Twenty minutes later the engineer reported that the water was still rising and the engine-room fires would soon be out. In spite of pumps going the water gained, the fires went out, and it looked as if the "Katina" was about to end her career.

The captain said that he fired off two rockets, but no help came, nor answering flares. The next thing was to try to pass a tarpaulin under the bottom to stop the leak. But although this was done, the water still rose. They then worked another tarpaulin under the ship, but this one split.

Signals of distress were hoisted for immediate assistance. The "Katina" was settling by then.

It was not until 6.30 a.m. that a pilot cutter came to the rescue and took the crew aboard. Half an hour later the "Katina" stood on her head and slid down to where all sinking ships go.

All this which I have related was given in the account of the skipper to his owner, who notified the underwriters in London. The underwriters listened, and then shook their heads. For one thing, there was an unusual number of Greek ships going down about that time; ships heavily insured, too.

This time the underwriters told Mr. George Coulouras that they wouldn't pay up. Mr. George C. replied that he would sue them for it. And that is how the case was heard before Mr. Justice Bailhache.

Now, the legal advisers of the Greek merchant set forth in proper form their reasons for claiming the money; but they wanted to know what the underwriters were going to say in reply.

whale to be a mammal, is too great to contemplate.

Another custom of less antiquity which, had it survived, would have to-day taxed the ingenuity of the participants, is the Ministerial whitebait dinner which originated among a group of politicians who were disposed to play truant from Westminster on the shores of Dagenham lake, and which was eventually attended by Mr. Pitt, and ultimately by the majority of his cabinet.

The exact quantities of whitebait which they consumed cannot be ascertained, but we are told that "the gentlemen usually found it convenient to rest a few days at Sir Robert Preston's cottage" before returning to London.

The underwriters replied, briefly, that the loss of the ship was caused by the wilful misconduct of Mr. Coulouras and Captain Langoussis. In other words, they said frankly that the ship had been cast away; and that put Mr. Coulouras in a quandary.

Anxious to find out just what the defence would take as a line, he made a bold move. He instructed his legal advisers to apply to Mr. Justice Bailhache to order the underwriters to furnish particulars of their allegations.

Mr. Justice Bailhache refused. The Greek's advisers then went to the Court of Appeal, asking Lord Justice Warrington and Lord Justice Younger to reverse Mr. Justice Bailhache's decision. The former stated: "I am satisfied that what is being asked is in reality, not particulars of misconduct, but particulars of evidence." The appeal was dismissed.

Oh, the underwriters had a case to recite. They brought evidence that no wreckage had been reported by the

meals for the crew, because "we are going to sink the ship to-night."

In the galley the cook found the chief engineer cutting up steaks. The cooking took some time, but every man had a steak and eggs and a regular meal. The last to take his meal was the captain; and he took it in the galley.

Another man admitted that he had changed into his go-a-shore clothes, and the captain had ordered him to change into his working garb, for "it would not do to have his best clothes on."

And then came the evidence of the pilot-boat men. They were not unused to taking seamen off ships in distress, and they knew that the first thing a seaman wants after a fight with the North Sea is a good square meal.

When the crew of the "Katina" were taken aboard the pilot-boat, the pilot asked them to have a meal. Not one wanted a bite of food, not one wanted even a cup of coffee, or tea.

It was, I think, the last steak of all that won the case for the underwriters. And that was the steak of Captain Langoussis.

Just before the engine-room bell rang for slow, the captain had sat down to eat his steak and eggs. He ate them slowly, thoughtfully. But outside the galley some of the crew, laughing and joking, could not control their feelings about the coming event, and they smashed the plates as if they were at a carnival.

And down in the engine-room there were strange knockings going on. But the captain went up to the bridge and ordered everybody to get into the boats. The remains of the captain's steak floated wide on the calm North Sea.

Would a captain order food for his men and for himself in a case of emergency? Would men who were faced with a sinking ship as the result of a collision with a submerged object take time to sit down and enjoy steak and eggs?

The kindness of Captain Langoussis to his crew and that floating steak was the thing he forgot in his cool scuttling of the little "Katina."

The verdict was that the ship was deliberately sunk, for it was shown that the intake of water alleged was so great that the "Katina" would have gone down before she did; but the opening of some pipes tallied with the time she took to sink. Thus the Greek owner lost his ship, his insurances, and much more besides. All because of the steak that remained afloat that early morning.

J.S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

A destroyer which put into Gibraltar last year had her water condenser plugged with chewing gum and her magnetic compass repaired with wire from a ginger-beer bottle.

American fighter plane Thunderbolt can dive 75 m.p.h., faster than the speed of sound in the stratosphere, and only 45 slower than the speed of sound at sea level.

In the Lofoten group of islands off Norway, scene of a brilliant action in this war, is found the world's most famous maelstrom, or whirlpool. Its power has been exaggerated, but at seasons it is undeniably very dangerous.

Essential war metal magnesium is a constituent of dolomite and other mineral substances, and is obtained by electrolysis, giving forth a brilliant white flame when heated to the proper point. Magnesium light is so rich in chemical rays that it is frequently used in photographing objects by night and for lighting tunnels during construction.

An Italian shore battery near Reggio scored a direct hit on a large dark object on the surface of the sea—which turned out to be a 19ft. dead dolphin weighing a ton.

Lepers were forbidden to enter churches, and a small slit window, still found in old churches, was so placed to give them a view of the altar from outside. These are known as "the leper's squint."



What! No Fish Q's

THE strictness with which our virtuous ancestors observed Lent and feast-days and the gusto with which at such times they applied themselves to the consumption of fish, takes on a new interest in light of the comparative scarcity of this food to which we have become accustomed.

So obviously, in fact, do they appear to have relished the variation in their diet that one is tempted to wonder whether these high-days and holidays did not present an excuse rather than a reason for fish-eating.

As was to be expected, the royal household set a magnificent example. During the period of Lent alone in the year 1358 the family, household and courtiers of Edward III consumed nine thousand red herrings, nearly four thousand white herrings, two barrels of sturgeon, fifteen hundred stock-fish, eighty-nine conger eels and three hundred mulwells.

Most of the herrings found their way into pies, of which the monarchs seem always to have been inordinately fond. The town of Yarmouth was, by ancient charter, obliged to send to the king every year a hundred herrings baked in twenty-four pasties, while I find that three picturesquely-named gentlemen, Eustace de Corson, Thomas de Berkeditch and Robert de Withen, held their acres solely by tenure of supplying herring-pies to the king when the fish were in season.

More popular even than herrings, however, were lampreys, and on these succulent eel-like creatures the kings and courtiers have always gourmandized with utter, and on one occasion fatal, disregard for the perils of indigestion. There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity of

the story that Henry I died at Rouen directly as a result of tucking in with too-reckless abandon at a dish of lampreys which was set before him after a day's hunting.

King John issued a special mandate to one Sampson to purchase lampreys for the kitchen of the Countess of Blois, and established a precedent for our present-day system of controlled price when he forbade the citizens of Gloucester to profiteer beyond the limit of two shillings a piece on lampreys netted in the Severn. Gloucester became particularly noted, not only for its lampreys, but for its particular method of stewing them prior to baking in the pie. Every Christmas a lamprey pie was sent to the king at considerable expense to the town, for by mid-winter the price of a lamprey had risen from tenpence to something like a guinea.

Morsels of whale, porpoise, grampus and sea-wolf also helped these good Christians to survive the periods of abstinence from venison, though the quantity of sin which they have since had to expiate as a result of science subsequently declaring the

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"NOT ONE ESCAPED"

PART 20

THEY waded out into the darkness, Martin holding Anstice's arm. At the break in the wall she cried out and drew back, holding tightly to him. In the distance Morrow and Snape were still exploring the debris, their lights moving to and fro like giant fireflies.

"And that—that was our cave?" she faltered.

"Yes; now come back, dear, come back. It's horrible. You must forget it."

"How did it happen?" she asked, barely heeding his words.

"I don't know. I don't think we shall ever know."

He felt her shiver, and her hold on his arm tighten instinctively. But she could not move. The place seemed to fascinate her. She turned her torch upon the hole in the wall: and then she gave a sudden, half-choking cry.

"Oh... Look..."

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

She was staring almost in terror at the ground, and his eyes followed hers. They fell upon—Parker's Hoard!

The remains of a huge, rough, wooden chest, slimy and rotten with years of submersion, were jammed up against a piece of the wall which had not given with the flood. The sides had been smashed in, and a path of old coins swept from the rotting wood to the very brim of the cave.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Martin slowly. "So that was the answer!"

The whole thing was clear to him now. It was not through the hole in the roof of the cave that the coins they had found had been carried: it was through some crevice in the hidden top cave.

QUIZ for today

1. A picotee is a bird, flower, dance, lace veil, bullfighter's weapon, small rodent?
2. Who wrote (a) The Briary Bush, (b) Beside the Bonny Brier Bush?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Chap, Master, Yeoman, Wight, Swain, Fellow, Wench, Gaffer.
4. Approximately how many legs has a centipede?
5. What does the name Stalin mean?
6. How many (a) sides, (b) corners, (c) edges has a square pyramid?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Foible, Follicle, Forebearance, Forcible, Forshore, Friable.
8. How old is Jackie Cooper?
9. What was Oslo formerly called?
10. Who defended Mafeking?
11. With what musical instrument do you associate Orpheus?
12. Who became the wife of (a) Prince Albert, (b) Robert Browning?

Answers to Quiz in No. 381

1. Covered passage.
2. (a) Theodore Dreiser, (b) Rose Macaulay.
3. Bathchair has 3 or 4 wheels; others have 2.
4. Four.
5. 24.
6. Canute.
7. Candescant, Calumet.
8. 42.
9. Norfolk.
10. Ararat.
11. Scotland.
12. (a) Portia, (b) Never married.

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

"So the bulk of our treasure's gone, dear," he said in a voice tense with excitement. "You see what's happened. It's been swept down into that—that chaos—"

He stooped down to pick up a few of the remaining coins; but Anstice struck them from his grasp.

"No. You're not to," she said. "Leave it alone. It's done so much harm already. I wouldn't have it—you mustn't have it. I said it was cursed. Leave it. Leave it, please. Because I ask you..."

There was a note of appeal in her voice that made him forget everything save the overwhelming longing to please her, to comfort her, to make her happy and safe.

"I think I'd do anything—because you asked me," he said quietly. "Come, dear. Let me take you back. You are quite right."

Without protest she obeyed, holding tightly to him, her eyes fixed straight ahead. They had reached the security of the entrance passage before she spoke again, and by then her terror had left her. She looked down at her clothes, and laughed.

"What a sight I must be!" she exclaimed, as the light of her torch showed up a mud-stained skirt, and slimy mire coating her stockings to the knees.

"You're the most wonderful sight in all the world to me," said Martin simply.

She looked up with a sharp turn of the head, and he saw that colour had flooded her cheeks.

"I must go back and change," she said, and her voice was trembling. "Mr. Lynn," she went on, "we needn't tell, need we—about the treasure?" She was trying hard to speak naturally. "It would make it—rather—rotten—here, you know—with all the fuss—"

"You're not going to stay here for any fuss," he broke in almost roughly. "I won't let you. Oh, my dear, please listen to me. Won't you let me take you away from it all? We'll go abroad, if you like. I mean—oh, hang it all, Anstice, can't you understand? I love you. I want you to marry me."

"To marry me?" she whispered in amazement. "Me?"

"Yes, you—you dear, wonderful little girl. Anstice, you've got to."

JANE



Morrow's voice was booming out of the void, and Anstice started.

Lights were showing now in the darkness. Martin waited no longer. Muddy and grimy as he was, he put his arm about Anstice: and she did not resist.

"You will?"

"Yes. If you mean it. Oh, Martin."

For a moment their lips met; then Morrow's voice came again, anxiously this time.

"All right. I'm here," Martin called back.

THE Gannet came home that evening; back to Parker's Point on the wings of one of those wild, savage gales that sweep in so suddenly from beyond the Lizard.

One of the Porthwick fishermen, scudding close-reefed for home, had seen her just before dusk, in difficulties, a mile or two out in the bay. He had run as close to her as he dare, but old Nickel at the helm had waved away his offer of help. The man had reported the circumstances when he reached harbour.

"Be on Ruthdinas Reef, she'll be, way he was goin' on," he had said excitedly down at the quay; and half a dozen of the fishermen tramped over to Parker's Point, with little hope in their hearts of being able to give any assistance if the worst should happen.

And there they saw her, in the fading light, yawning and staggering like a drunken thing, tossed about by the vicious seas, making straight for her doom.

Martin learned the news at the inn. Midge and Anstice had gone home. Anstice to stay the night so that she might be out of all the excitement that was bound to centre about the "Coswarth Arms" if the news of the tragedy of the Fern Cave leaked out. Martin, Morrow, and the parson were up in Snape's room, discussing exactly what action should be taken next, when Pendrew himself came beating at the door with news of the wreck.

"She's on the reef already," he cried. "They say it's Nickel's boat, the Gannet. The rocket men have gone along. I thought you ought to know. On the reef! My God! In a gale like this!" Martin was on his feet first.

"We'd better go down," he said. "They might—save some one."

Pyne nodded gravely. "You're right, Lynn. I'll go, anyhow."

The four men fought their way against the howling wind through the darkness of the cliff path. Already half the village was streaming down to the Point. Men passed them, running, calling out as they went:

"On the reef. They say 'tis old Nickel's boat. God help 'un."

Before they reached the headland they were soaked to the skin. The rain drove in from the sea with terrific force. Through the screaming wind came the savage boom of the surf as the

huge waves crashed upon the jagged rocks of the shore.

Then a searchlight pierced the darkness ahead, and the faint, sharp sound of a rocket mingled with the din. Martin began to run, and the others followed his example.

On the Point a crowd of some two score men had assembled. Some were scrambling down to the cove beneath, others clustered about the rocket apparatus. And through the driving rain, that stung like a whip lash, the steady, dazzling beam of the searchlight was focused upon a blurred mass in the midst of a welter of foam.

It was the Gannet. Her mast had gone, and the wild sea churned up all about her, sometimes covering her completely, sometimes receding until the whole of her hull was distinguishable. She was on the reef sure enough; it was a miracle that she had not already gone to matchboard.

Martin turned to a man by his side.

"Any one alive aboard?"

"Two," the man answered shortly.

Once more the rocket screamed through the gale that whipped the line yards wide of the mark. Then a giant sea came plunging in. It seemed to hesitate a second, to rise and take extra strength. Then it broke, crashing on the deck of the doomed craft. A moment later, when the snow-white foam streamed back from the cruel reef, the Gannet had gone.

A cry went up: "There he is! There's a man swimming!"

Breakers were tumbling in three and four deep like some huge avalanche, and men pressed out into the water as far as they dared, their eyes strained for a small black blur in the foam upon which the searchlight fixed its ray. The blur was a man fighting for life; drifting in swiftly to the shore, with almost a certainty of being hurled to death on the rocks when he reached it.

Then, pressing out through the farthest of those who stood knee-deep in the sea, a man, half stripped, plunged through a wave as it curled up to break, and struck out towards the struggling figure beyond.

"My God! 'Tis Parson Pyne."

Without a word of instruction the men ranged themselves into line. Hand fast clasped to hand, they made a living lifeline out through the raging surf. The spray and broken sea broke clean over them, but they stood firm; firm for an hour, it seemed to Martin, half-way down that grim line, though it was all over in five minutes.

Pyne had reached his man. He breasted those angry waves with almost superhuman strength, and slowly turned and towed him clear of the worst of the surf. Martin, watching the drama like a man in a dream, saw a giant fisherman at the head of the line, with the sea

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Insect.



CLUES DOWN. 1 Tusked animal. 2 Off. 3 Scrap. 4 Farm animal. 5 About. 6 Rudiments. 7 Elk. 8 Girl's name. 9 Profoundly. 11 Quit. 14 Flows. 17 Musical instrument. 20 Young rascal. 21 Obtain. 23 Cold spike. 25 Show offence. 27 Pale. 29 Bad effects. 30 Leg joint. 31 Write. 33 Lamb. 35 Turncoat. 37 Permit. 39 Like-that.

5 Wandered. 10 For a time. 12 Portend. 13 Big. 14 Soft cake. 15 Cereal. 16 Performance. 18 Undermine. 19 Digress. 22 Note of music. 24 Confused flight. 25 Through. 26 Head covering. 28 Subsequent. 30 That fellow. 31 Pet animal. 32 Energy. 34 Pale brown. 36 Glass picture. 38 Washes. 40 Girl's name. 41 County. 42 Start.

PIT DEFECTS
AMELIA BARE
SPRANG BLOT
SUMP ESSAY
IT SARK SD
NEWEL USHER
GE SEAM RA
LEMON ATOP
MOVE ABRAD
ARIA CUTTER
PELLETS ASS

half-way up to his shoulders, suddenly fling out a mighty arm. Then some one yelled: "Back all. He's got 'un." The living line moved back. A few moments later Gregory Pyne came staggering through the surf, shaking himself like a dog, and half a dozen willing hands relieved him of his burden.

"'Tis old John Nickel." The words passed through the crowd like fire.

They carried old Nickel back to the Rectory, and he died just before dawn, drifting from a peaceful sleep of exhaustion into his final sleep. But before he had ultimately lost consciousness he had given Pyne a disjointed story that had cleared up much of the mystery.

Watson had been with him aboard the Gannet. Their scheme had been to pretend that he had bought the boat, and to bring her round to Ruthdinas Creek that morning so that she might be at hand to ship the treasure aboard at any moment; but in the fog, unskilled seamen that they were, they had gone astray and drifted miles out of their course. Then the gale had caught them.

Bealing had stayed behind in the cave, intending to blast the opening in the roof so that they could get the treasure out that night. The rest was clear enough to Martin—the explosion, the breaking down of the dam, and the cataclysm that had followed.

Martin sat for some minutes in silence when Pyne's story was told. "But—the dead—man?" he asked at last.

Pyne shook his head. "That's what preyed on Nickel's mind," he said gravely. "He would keep on insisting that it was none of his doing. A foreigner, he said he was, a man whom Bealing found drowned. Or Bealing said so. I think I believe poor Nickel."

They were silent for a while, then Martin said abruptly: "What's to be done, Pyne?"

The parson woke to sudden vehemence.

"I want the whole ugly thing forgotten," he said fiercely. "A greater judge than man has intervened. What good can be done by stirring up sensation? We can bring none of these men back to life, even if we would. I've told Morrow, and I think he agrees with me."

He was gazing from the window at the sullen, leaden clouds tearing wildly across the sky.

As he watched, there came a break in the clouds, and the winter sun, climbing over the Trevoise hills across the harbour, shone with a dazzling brilliancy into the room.

Pyne swung round. "An omen, Lynn," he said quietly.

The door opened and Anstice ran into the room.

"Martin, Martin, it's going to be a perfectly splendid day. Aren't you coming out?" She stopped in confusion as she caught sight of the Rector.

"You don't want me," said Gregory Pyne, getting up hurriedly.

"Oh yes, we do, padre," Martin answered with a smile. "When is the very soonest you can marry us?"

END

WANGLING WORDS—328

1. Put a dog in ACATE and make it exact.
2. In the following popular song title both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Danglel relleth eb swalay na.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HIVE into BEES and then back again into HIVE, without using the same word twice.
4. Find two hidden countries in: Send help for us Siamese, if you can, a day sooner.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 327

1. ApartMENT.
2. Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny.
3. EYE, lye, lie, LID, lit, lot, dot, doe, dye, EYE.
4. Tab-le, So-fa, Ch-air.

Aldiborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononho-
tonthologos?
Henry Carey
(1693-1743).

"There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint" "I didn't say there was nothing better," the King replied. "I said there was nothing like it." "Alice Through the Looking Glass."



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



AT THESE WORDS YOSHI, STARTLED OUT OF HIS ORIENTAL IMPASSIVITY, BOUNDED FORWARD AND TRIES TO SNATCH THE VOLUME FROM GARTH'S HANDS!



JUST JAKE



Lamour three times daily

By Richard Gordon

LAAMOUR three times daily is the war effort of a suburban woman. The conditions are congenial, the pay roughly the equivalent of factory pay—and indeed the degree of skill needed is about the same as that of a trained war-factory operative.

But this is her story—we'll let her tell it.

I ATTEND the cinema in the professional capacity of cine-projectionist. The training took about four months, followed by a further period as "stooge" assistant-projectionist. I am now one of the few women projectionists in Britain, though the ranks are growing, and, in Service life, there are plenty of W.A.A.F. and A.T.S. cine-projectionists working on 35 and 16 mm. sound-film.

The whole job should run so automatically that the ever-changing cinema public is not aware of the projectionist's job. Gone, almost, are the days when the film broke at least once during the showing of every main feature, and when at sundry moments during the programme the film got "out of sync" and appeared on the screen in two parts, with the feet of the players dancing above their heads!

Gone, even, are the days when the sound mechanism (then reproduced from large, slow-running gramophone records) got out of step with the film and the players were saying each other's lines.

When I'm seeing, say, Dorothy Lamour thrice daily, I have to keep a pretty constant vigil on the screen, but I cannot hear what is happening down in the theatre. The sound comes to me through a small pilot speaker in the corner of the projection gallery.

The whole "drill" is roughly this: On the main machine the first reel is inserted, threaded through the sound and vision gates, and then the film is checked up square with the line of light so that it would appear exactly on the screen, and not with the feet of the "frame" below showing above the heads. There is a large milled control wheel to adjust this to a hundredth of an inch.

As the short or the news ends the, motor switches are thrown over and the great reel is set turning. Then the "fader" control is set to number 12 on the scale—this control corresponding with the volume control of your radio set.

Then I "strike" the arc light and turn the controls till the carbon points meet steadily, with an even central flame, check-up on a white-painted disc screen seen through a kind of periscope.

Next I pull a lever to open up the lamp-house. This pulls a mask from the arc, letting the terrific light strike the reflecting mirror at the back, to centre on the lens.

At this instant there is a "cue"—either a few bars of loud music or the roll of drums—and I turn up the fader to 18 or 19, according to a pre-set value determined at the Monday morning try-out—and then pull a lever which opens up this projector so that the light hits the screen.

The "first change" on the main feature is usually about twenty minutes after the start. We have a chronometer ticking away, and also can tell from our cue sheet roughly when to expect a small dark dot to appear momentarily on the bottom right-hand corner (usually) of the screen. It is there for such a short space of time that I don't suppose any cinema patron has ever noticed it. But it is the cue to the operator to start the second motor running.

This means that the second projector, with the next drum of film, is temporarily running with the same scene which is at that moment still being projected on the screen by the first machine. All films have a few minutes of overlap in this way, but, of course, the second projector is still masked.

The "dowser" of the lamp-house is opened, and when the second dark dot appears the front mask is snapped open, and then at leisure the first machine is shut off. Automatically the talkie part of the first machine is shut off as the second comes into action.

This is the routine change, every twenty minutes or less.

But at a moment's notice it may be necessary to start up the spare projector, or switch the emergency sound-amplifier into action if the pilot-speaker gives some indication that the sound has "gone phut."

The "flam" danger is now almost nil, for there are automatic chemical jets that spray the film-gate and bring down a spring-loaded shutter in front of the projector housing if fire breaks out. In my time as a projector "op." I have never had a projector-gallery fire—but I have had to carry on during alerts, when the whole theatre was rocking with ack-ack and incidents, and when the one thing to avoid panic was the necessity for keeping the projectors running.

I get one clear day off a week, and then quite often I—go to the pictures! It's a real treat to sit in another cinema and enjoy a film without having that twenty-minute "change-over" headache. Though, from my projector gallery, I see the same film thrice nightly, six nights a week, I seldom see each scene of every film all through, and often at the end of the week cannot say what a film is really all about, or how it compares with another. To enjoy it, I have to sit down in the stalls.

Good Morning

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

Here's how we all learn to keep our heels on the highway and our bottoms off the impact.

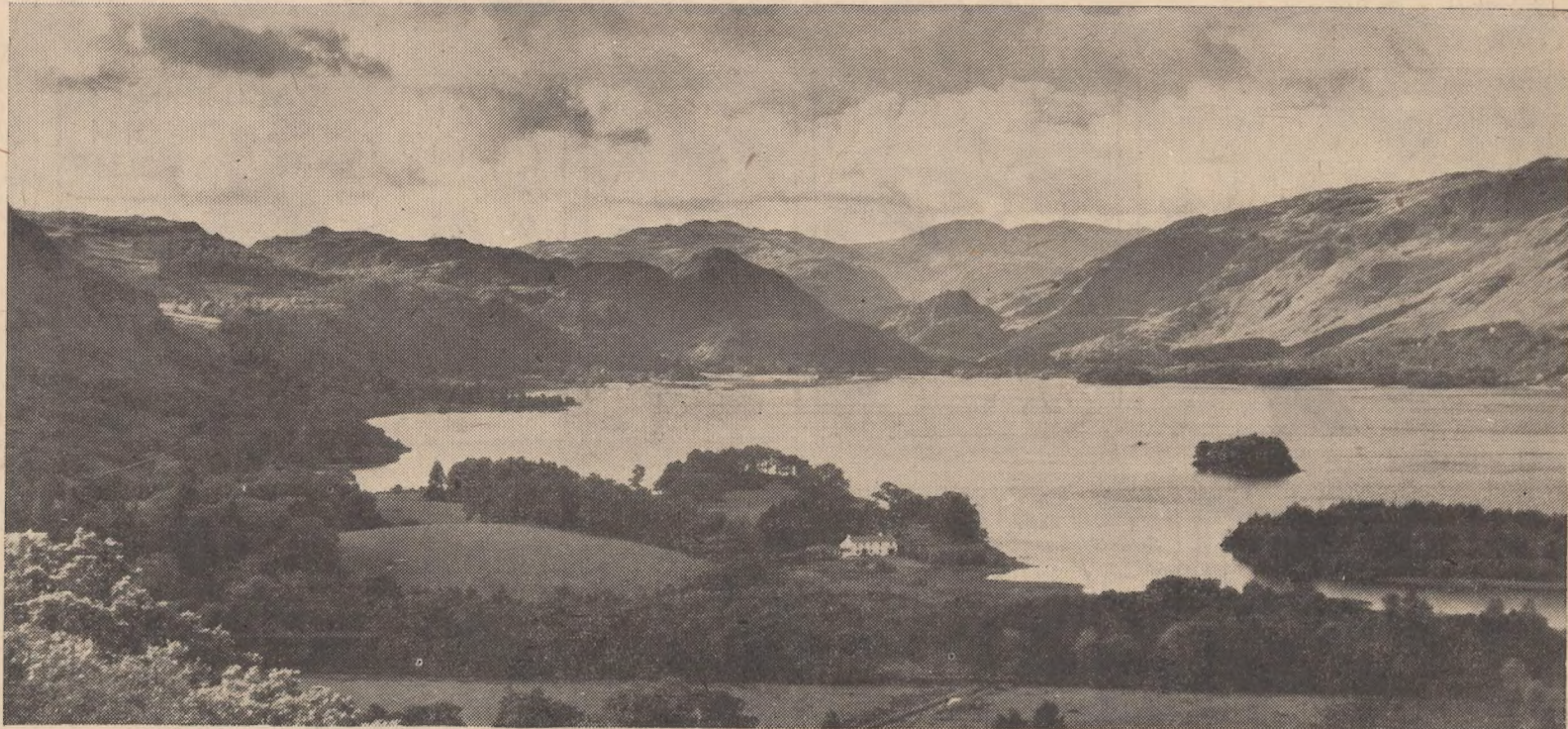


In case you don't know, this is a Continental bull-dog — you see what we mean — take out the word "dog" and substitute your own.



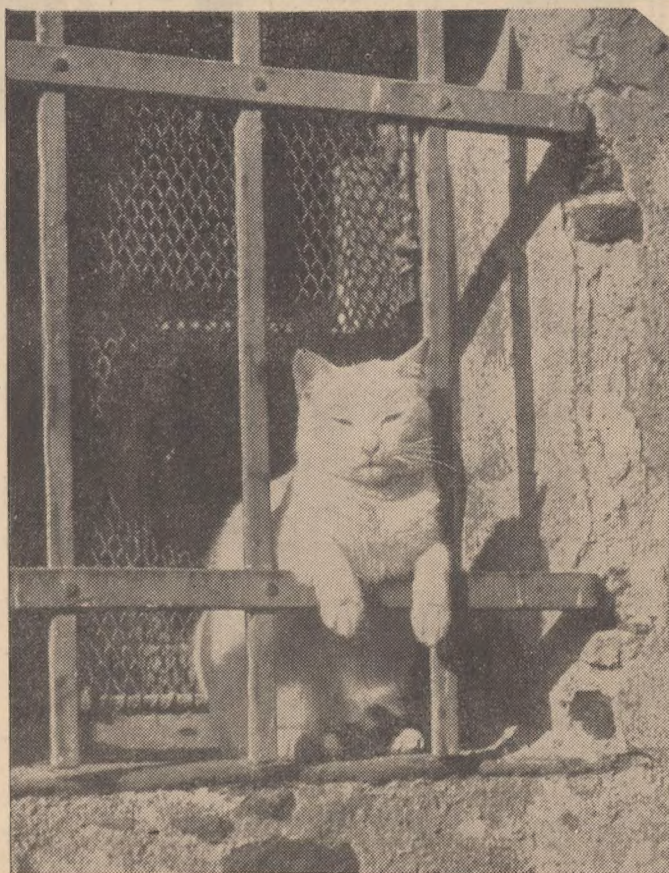
But here we have the great dignity, the affection, the loyalty that is the English-bred Cocker Spaniel. Golden in colour, character and love.

Here's Jean Baron hanging on to any support. Why? Because she's out of her depth. (We said "Depth"!)



This England

Down to the jaws of Borrowdale, and Scafell Pike, you now see Cumberland's finest view, looking across Derwentwater.



"Si, si, Senor! We are all virginal in Madrid. The gap behind me is how I come out."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A Virgin with that Expression?"

